

F U R E D I V I N O :

A

SATYR.

The Second BOOK.

By the Author of the True-born-Englishman.

O Sanctas Gentes, quibus hæc nascuntur in hortis Numi-
na! ——— Juv. Sat. 15. lin. 11.



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J U R E D I V I N O :

A

S A T Y R.

S A T Y R descend, thy just Resentment show,
 From Gods above, describe the Gods below.
 Yet let thy just Respect to Crowns be shown,
 The Monarchs, not the Monarchy disown.
 For Government might first from Heaven appear,
 But Governours came from the Lord knows where.
 Sacred the high Original may be,
 But how convey'd to long Posterity;
 There the yet unsurmounted Scruple lies,
 Choak'd with the Throng of vast absurdities,
 If to the mighty Parallel we go,
 What vast discording parts appear below,
 Succeeding Monarchs' Sons of Time and Fate,
 Derive no Line from Patriarchal State.
 The first Majestick Father of Mankind,
 That e'er by Primogenial Title Reign'd.
 What Marks of Modern Tyrants could he show?
 And where's the Streams of Blood that ran below.
 Had he his Infant Power set up by force,
 His very Sons would have Rebel'd in course
 In Crowns or Families the Course of things,
 The same Effects from the same Causes bring.
 All things in Nature's proper Channel run,
Tyrant Father makes the Rebel Son.
 Then view the small extent of Native Power,
 And how unqualify'd their Subjects to devour.
 Small was the Bond of his Imperial State,
 Confin'd within his own Paternal Gate.

The Dignity of Government was high,
 But all his Kingdom was his Family.
 To regulate the decencies of Life,
 The Monarch rul'd his Household and his Wife,
 By just descent his narrow Rule went on,
 And Government descended to his Son.
 In the Paternal Right no Man could reign,
 Further then his own Household did contain,
 And every Son might from his Rule divide,
 Be King himself, and by himself precide.
 If Families united by consent,
 There we come back to Laws of Government,
 Compact and mutual Treaties of accord,
 Between a willing People and their Lord.
 But since this Doctrine frights our Men of Power,
 And leaves no room their Neighbours to devour,
 But lays Foundations of abhor'd dispute,
 Rebellions, Revolutions, God knows what,
 Subjects the Crown to barbarous things call'd Rules,
 And Liberty that Bait for free-born Fools,
 Let us the Patriarchal Scheme display,
 While Nature in her Infant-Cradle lay.
 Wise Providence that all Events fore-knew,
 Directs the World their Safety to pursue,
 While in the Infant Ages of the kind,
 Nature to first Paternal Rule confin'd,
 But as to wider Regions Nations spread,
 And weaker Numbers make the Great their Head.
 Eternal feuds the petty Lords invade,
 To Lust and Crime, by Lust and Crime betray'd,
 Necessity Confederate Heads directs,
 And Power united, Power expos'd protects.
 Safety with Right and Property combines,
 And thus Necessity with Nature joyns,
 And here's the *3us Divinum* truly found,
 Confederate Heads with Sacred Titles Crown'd,
 For Safety and the general welfare joyn,
 And make the Laws of Government Divine,
 With Right Divine they Consecrate the Throne,
 By Choice convey what was by Birth their own.
 The Publick Safety first directs the Choice,
 And Patriarchal Suffrage joyns Diviner Voice.

When *Israel* with unheard of murmurs first,
 Pray'd to unwilling Heaven they might be Curst;
 Rejected God, and scorn'd the Almighty Rule,
 And made themselves their Children's Redicule.
 Th' eternal Banter, future Ages Jest,
 And damn'd to Slav'ry at *their own Request*.
 How did just Heaven the mad Demand receive,
 How with their Wild deluded Reason strive.
 With what just Arguments did *Samuel* plead,
 Give 'em the Tyrants Character to read.
 Explain'd the Lust of an ungovern'd Man,
 Show'd 'em the Danger, Preach'd to them *in vain*.
 Told 'em the wretched things they'd quickly find,
 Within the pleasing Name of King contain'd.
 With their bewilder'd Crowds expostulate.
 And open'd all the Dangers of their Fate.
 The Text is plain, Heaven the Design abhorr'd,
 (a) And left his high dislike upon Record,
 Not that he does the Name of King disclaim,
 'The *Mischief's* in the Man, and not the Name.
 But his just Anger plainly he express,
 Against the madness of their wild request.
 They were a *Monarchy*, himself their King,
 Free from the mischiefs, yet enjoy'd the thing,
 Govern'd by him their Freedom they pursu'd,
 He fought their Battles, and their Foes subdu'd.
 But glutted with the freedom of their Fate,
 They bought their Ruin, to exalt their State.
 Sought their Destruction with unwearied Pains,
 And begg'd for Fetters, Slav'ry and Chains.
 But Heaven, *say we*, thought fit his Prayer to hear,
 Himself chose out the King, and plac'd him there.
 Disown'd the Pop'lar Right, and fixt the Choice,
 In Providence, and not the People's Voice.
 From whence the Claim of Right by Regal Line,
 Made *Israel's* Kings, be King's by *Right Divine*.
 'T own'd if every Almighty Power thinks fit
 To choose a King, the People must submit,
 His Sovereign Power has an undoubted right,
 And he has made the World to govern it.
 And he that has the right of Government,
 Can give a right by his Divine Assent.

By Proxy may the Kingdom execute,
 For if he may Command, he may Depute.
 Then Saul was King, by Heaven's immediate Hand,
 But 'twas in Judgment to afflict the Land,
 To have his Anger plainly understood,
 And Samuel's black Predictions to make good,
 In granting he corrected the Request,
 Gave them the Man, but he with-held the rest.
 He gave what they pretended to require,
 But in the Gift he punish'd the desire,
 He gave a Plague, the very self-same thing
 They ask'd, when they petition'd for a King.
 For 'tis remarkable, when Samuel saw,
 They'd have a King in spite of Sence and Law.
 He drew the Picture of a Monster Crown'd,
 Ask'd them, if such a Villain cou'd be found,
 Whether they'd like him and their Tribute bring?
 They answer yes, let such a one be King.
 And is a Tyrant King your early Choice,
 Be Kings your Plagues, said the Eternal Voice.
 And with a mighty Curse he gave the Crown.
 And Saul to Israel's Terror mounts the Throne.
 Satyr, the Parallel with Caution bring,
 On what Conditions was this Man a King?
 Tho' Heaven declar'd him, Heaven it self set down,
 The Sacred Postulata of the Crown.
 Samuel examin'd first the high Record,
 Then Dedicates the Substance to the Lord.
 This is the Coronation Oath, the Bond.
 The Steps on which the Throne and Kingdom stand,
 Which when the future Kings unjustly broke,
 God and the People juster vengeance took.
 Then mark the needful steps to make him King,
 How Sacred ends concurring means must bring.
 Not Samuel's Oyntment. nor the mighty Lot,
 Could make him King, or hew his Title out.
 They saw no worth in his Mechanick Race,
 No Lines of Government in his too youthful Face.
 The bashful Boy for Crown and Powder unfit,
 As loath to Rule as they were to submit.
 Declin'd the Gaudy Trifle call'd a Crown.
 And loth to change the Sable for a Throne.

Backward the weighty load to undergo,
 The wisest Action ever Saul could do,
 Is this the Monarch shall our Foes destroy,
 Does Heaven design to Rule us with a Boy?
 The shouting Rabbits cry, we scorn to own
 A Man that has no Merit for a Crown;
 Give us a better King, or give us none.
 Is this the Tyrant whom you bid us fear?
 Is that young Cowardly Boy to Govern here;
 Is he the Man shall Judah's Scepter sway?
 And are we mad enough, d'ye think t' obey;
 Our King must lead the Glorious Tribes to fight,
 And chase the Thousands of the Ammonites.
 From Israel's Chains release her and defy
 The mighty Chariots of the Enemy.
 His Personal Valour must our Triumphs bring,
 'Tis such a Man we want, and such a King.
 Away they go, reject his Government,
 Nor Heaven's high Choice could force their due consent,
 Samuel submits, adjourns the strong Debate,
 Suspends the King, he offer'd to Create.
 Orns their dislike a high material Thing,
 And without their consent, he never cou'd be King.
 Nor wou'd even God himself the thing deny,
 Nay Heaven the Scruple seems to justify.
 Nature was here oppos'd to Providence,
 And Duty seem'd to bowe the Rules of Sense.
 Almighty Power declar'd it worth his while,
 By Miracle the Cause to reconcile.
 Why did he not his high distaste express,
 Resent the slight, and punish their excess.
 Extort Obedience by express Command,
 And Crown his Choice by his immediate Hand.
 Destroy the Rebels with his blasting Breath,
 And punish early Treason with their death.
 With mighty Thunders his new King Proclaim,
 And force the trembling Tribes to do the same.
 Because he knew it was the Course of things,
 And Nature's Law, that Men should choose their Kings.
 He knew the early dictate was his own,
 And Reason acted from himself alone.
 'Tis just (says the Almighty Power and Sence,
 For Actions are the Words of Providence,

The Mouth of Consequences speak aloud,
 And Nature's Language is the Voice of God.
 'Tis just says he, the People should be shewn,
 The Man that wears it can deserve the Crown;
 Merit will make my Choice appear so just,
 They'll own him fit for the intended Trust.
 Confirm by Reason my exalted Choice,
 And make him King by all the Peoples Voice.
 Let Ammon's Troops my People's Tents invade,
 And Israel's trembling Sons to fear betray'd.
 Fly from the advancing Legions in the fright,
 Till Jabbesh Walls embrace the Ammonite.
 I'll spirit Saul, and arm his Soul for War,
 The Boy they scorn shall in the Field appear.
 I'll teach the unexperienc'd youth to fight,
 And flesh him with the slaughter'd Ammonite.
 The General Suffrage then he'll justly have,
 To Rule the People, he knows how to save.
 Their Willing Voices, all the Tribes would bring,
 And make my chosen Heroe be their King.
 Great God! how Glorious are the Works of Fate?
 And how prepar'd for us to wonder at:
 Th' immortal Harmony of Providence,
 What Musick is it to the enlighten'd Sense!
 By which Almighty Light is pleas'd to show
 The strange Connexion secret matters know,
 Between the things above, and things below.
 He speaks, and all the high events obey,
 The mighty Voice of Nature leads the way.
 Convincing Reason conquers willing sense,
 And Heaven's decrees comes out in Consequence.
 The Troops of (a) Ammon Israel's Tents invade,
 His mighty fighting Sons to fear betray'd.
 Fly from the advancing Squadrons in the Fright,
 Till Jabbesh Walls embrace the Ammonite.
 Saul Rouses, (b) God has arm'd his Soul for War,
 The Boy they scorn'd does in the Field appear.

(a) 1 Sam. 11. Then Nabash the Ammonite came up, and Encamp-
 ed against Jabbesh-Gilead; Here was a Siege and Capitulation, upon base
 and dishonourable Terms, if they were not Relieved in 7 Days.

(b) Now the designs of God in his Providence were ripened for his ex-
 ecution, Saul Rouses. 1 Sam. 11. 6. The Spirit of God came upon
 Saul

Saul when he heard these Tidings; i. e. the Errand of the Messengers of Jabel, and his Anger was kindled greatly. God had arm'd his Soul for War; and immediately he sent that famous Message about the Yoke of Oxen, to signify that the Defence of their Country from the Invasion of their Enemies, was of much more signification to them than their Farms and Lands; which if the Ammonites should Conquer, their Oxen would soon be a Prey,--And the Consequence is plain, God work'd by his Secret invisible Influence on the People. v. 7. The fear of the Lord fell on the People, and they came with one Consent.

*His Personal merit, now bespeak the Crown,
He wins his Enemy's and wears his own.
The willing Tribes their purchas'd Suffrage bring,
And universal Voice Proclaim the King.
As if Heaven's Call had been before in vain,
Saul from this proper Minute dates his Reign.
The Text is plain, and proper to the thing,
Not God, But all the (6) People made him King:
Satyr, submit to humane Censure here,
And for the Party's Banter now prepare.
For what hast thou to do with Texts and Rites,
Fancies to wheedle Boys, and manage Fools.
Pretend no more to keep Mankind in awe,
Immortal Custom's Seniour to the Law.
All Men against the Scripture will protest;
Tradition's Sacred now; the Book a Jest.
Satyr, New Troops of Argument prepare,
To Custom now, and History repair:
Speak to the Ears of Wise Experience;
And Tax them with the plainer Consequence.
Reason will to thy juster Cause submit,
Let Fools and Knaves alone to own the Cheat.
Reason and Nature are thy voucher here,
Custom and History alike concur.
Kings tho' by Art they raise themselves too high,
Receive from those they rule their Majesty.
The free Subjection of a willing Land,
Creates the only Title to Command.
The mighty Suffrage Right at first procur'd,
The rest is all extotick and absurd.*

(6) 1 Sam. 11. 12. And all the People went to Gilgal, and there THEY made Saul King before the Lord; that is. THEY the People, for God had nominated him to the Crown before; but THEY made him King, that is accepted him.

F I N I S.